

THE TURNING OF UNCLE TOBE

By WILL GAGE CAREY

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The colonel and I were sitting on his back veranda. The day was hot and sultry, even for Georgia; here, however, we caught all the breeze which was stirring, and before us were two long, cooling, fragrant mint juleps, whose sparkling emerald glints refreshed one even to look upon.

With courtly grace the colonel handed me one of the glasses. As we sat sipping in serene contentment, an aged darky, driving a disreputable looking mule attached to a dilapidated wagon, drew up before the gate. For a moment he sat in silent and intent scrutiny of the colonel's fine flock of Plymouth Rock chickens now sunning themselves in lazy indolence in the warm sand, then removing his battered hat, he asked in tones of deepest concern:

"Cuhnal, ah jes' stopped to ax erbout yoah chickens; is dey doin' well?"

"Mighty fine—at present," replied the colonel, gravely.

"You-all ain't missed nary o' dem chickens lately?"

"No, Uncle Tobe, nary a one."

The old darky replaced his hat, hit the mule a resounding whack, and as he started off down the road I heard him mutter:

"Bress de Lord fo' dat! bress de Lord fo' dat!"

This inquiry concerning the colonel's feathered tribe aroused my wonderment and curiosity; the incident, however, had already passed from my host's mind, and he sat gazing fondly and reflectively into the emerald depths of the glass before him; clearly, if I wished further enlightenment, I must seek it.

"Colonel," I said, at length, "that old darky seems strangely interested in the welfare of your chickens!"

"Interested?" he replied, with his eyes twinkling, "he's what you might call solicitude personified! I may say, Uncle Tobe is livin' undah a superstitious spell concernin' them chickens; he believes that if distastah befalls them Plymouth Rocks, it means judgment is sho' goin' to fall upon him!"

Seeing my evident desire to hear the story, the colonel placed his glass gently on the table, leaned back comfortably in his big arm chair and told me the circumstances attending the turning of Uncle Tobe—from evil ways.

"Early las' spring, two young men of the neighborhood started out foah a day's shootin', agreein' to share up equal on all that was killed by both durin' the day. They hunted all day, an' jes' at night-fall they started home, with theah game-bags so full they each had to carry one dove in his hands.

"The sun had set e'er they reached the edge of the village. Accordin' to theah agreement, they stopped in the road to divide the game, when one of them suggested that as they

both was fished, they step inside the gate of the ol' cemetery in front of which it happened they were standin', an' theah sit down an' count out theah birds. They laid the two doves on top of the gate-post, went inside, poured out the game from the two sacks an' begin countin' them out: 'one foah you—one foah me; one foah you—one foah me!'

"Although some earlier than he usually made his rounds, it happened that ol' Uncle Tobe had already been on a little plunderin' expedition, with some evidence of success; in fact, tucked snugly undah his coat, was one of my fines' Plymouth Rock roosters!

"He came trudgin' along the road leadin' past the cemetery jes' a moment or so aftah the hunters had entered it to divide theah game. As he drew neah the gate he heard the sound of low voices; he stopped in the middle of the road to listen; 'one foah me—one foah you; one foah me—one foah you!' were the awful words he heard.

"May de good Lord sab des po' niggah!" he shouted as he turned to flee; 'it am de Angel Gab'r'il an' ol' Mistah Satan hisself—dividin' up the grave-yard folks'

"As ol' Tobe turned to run he met a cullud frien' of his, into whose unbelievin' ears he told the awful words; together they approached the gate; 'one foah me—one foah you; one foah me—one foah you!' came low an' solemn from within the grave-yard. Then came the still mo' terrifyin' acclamation: 'an' theahs



"An' He Tore Down the Road Foah His Life!"

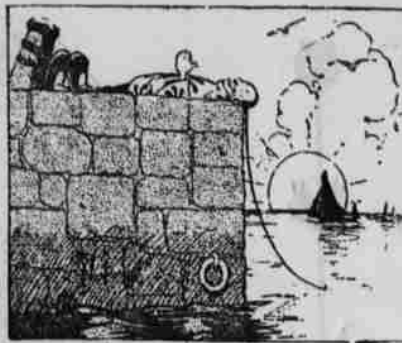
two mo' out theah at the gate! you take one, I'll take the othah!"

"This was too much for ol' Tobe an' he tore down the road foah his life! Straight up to my house he come, pantin' foah breath an' lookin' back scared-like ovah his shoulder; I was sittin' right heah on this veranda, an' he says to me:

"'Cuhnal, I dun stole yoah big rooster; but I'se nebber gwine to steal no mo'!' He threw the rooster quickly ovah the fence, then turnin' again to me he says: 'Cuhnal, I'se nebber gwine to bodder yoah chickens no mo'; but dis is what I'se gwine to do; I'se gwine to look arter dem chickens foah you like a fahtah ovah his chulluns!'

And Uncle Tobe was keeping his word.

CHING CHANG GOES FISHING.



1. Ching Chang, wishing to go fishing, but having no fishing line, begs an old hook off an angler on the jetty, and ties it to his pigtail, which makes an excellent line.



2. Sport being very slow, Ching Chang falls asleep. Two small boys seeing an opportunity for some fun, get a boat and hurry to the end of the jetty, where they tie Ching Chang's pigtail to a ring in the stone-work!



3. Poor Ching Chang awakes and finds himself in an awkward position.

LIFE ONLY A PREPARATION.

In the course of a recent address before the East Side Physicians' association Dr. James P. Haney of the board of education said: "Life is all preparation. In the primary school we are being prepared to enter the grammar school. In the grammar we are being prepared for the high school. In the high school we are being prepared for the college. In college we are told we are being prepared for the struggle in the world. When we attend church we are informed that it is our everyday duty in life to prepare for death."

A SAILOR OF THE FUTURE.

He pocketed the hard-boiled egg gratefully.

"Ah, madam," he said, "believe me, I would not be begging my bread from door to door if it were possible for me to procure work in my chosen calling. But the day will come—"

"Poor fellow," said the woman, "what is your calling, anyhow?"

"I," he answered proudly, "am an able-bodied aeroplane sailor."

HARD LUCK.

First Countryman—Here comes the sheriff to seize your farm.

Second Countryman—He can't. It's in my wife's name.

First Countryman—Yes; but your wife has eloped with a hired man.

SANDY ATE THE "PARRITCH."

But He Had to Play Mean Trick on Himself to Do It.

An old gentleman in a village not far from Glasgow breakfasted every morning on porridge, and, in order to save fuel, cooked a whole week's supply every Saturday. One Friday morning the stuff seemed very cold and very salt, and he felt he must abandon the struggle to eat it. But his stubborn nature forbade any such thought. So he fetched the whisky from the cupboard, poured out a glass and placed it before him on the table.

"Now, Sandy," said he, "if ye eat that parritch ye'll hae that whisky, an' if ye don't ye won't."

He stuck again at the last spoonful, but keeping his eye steadily on the glass of whisky, he made a bold, brave effort, and got it down. Then he slowly and carefully poured back the whisky into the bottle with a broad grin, as he said to himself: "Sandy, my lad, I did ye thot time, ye ould fule!"

Returned Him.

A man returned to his native village after having emigrated to Kansas some 20 years previous. He asked about different villagers he had known in the old days, and finally of the town drunkard of his time.

"Oh, he's dead," was the reply.

"Well, well; dead and buried is he?"

"Nope; they didn't bury him."

"Didn't bury him!" exclaimed the former resident. "Well, then, what did they do with him?"

"Oh, they just poured him back in the jug."

Good Work Has Slow Growth.

Bancroft spent 26 years on his history and Webster 36 on his dictionary. 'Tis the same with the great inventions. It took years of study and experiment to perfect them. Everything must have a foundation, otherwise it cannot stand, and the more solid the foundation the safer is the structure.

Through Struggle to Repose.

Struggle and anguish have their place in every genuine life, but they are the stages through which it advances to a strength which is full of repose.—Mable.

FRIENDS HELP.

St. Paul Park Incident.

"After drinking coffee for breakfast I always felt languid and dull, having no ambition to get to my morning duties. Then in about an hour or so a weak, nervous derangement of the heart and stomach would come over me with such force I would frequently have to lie down.

"At other times I had severe headaches; stomach finally became affected and digestion so impaired that I had serious chronic dyspepsia and constipation. A lady, for many years State President of the W. C. T. U., told me she had been greatly benefited by quitting coffee and using Postum Food Coffee; she was troubled for years with asthma. She said it was no cross to quit coffee when she found she could have as delicious an article as Postum.

"Another lady who had been troubled with chronic dyspepsia for years, found immediate relief on ceasing coffee and beginning Postum twice a day. She was wholly cured. Still another friend told me that Postum Food Coffee was a Godsend to her, her heart trouble having been relieved after leaving off coffee and taking on Postum.

"So many such cases came to my notice that I concluded coffee was the cause of my trouble and I quit and took up Postum. I am more than pleased to say that my days of trouble have disappeared. I am well and happy." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.